

Children Cry for Fletcher's

# CASTORIA

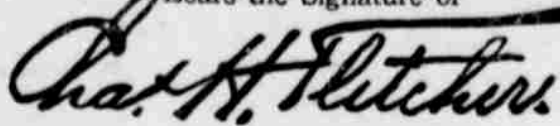
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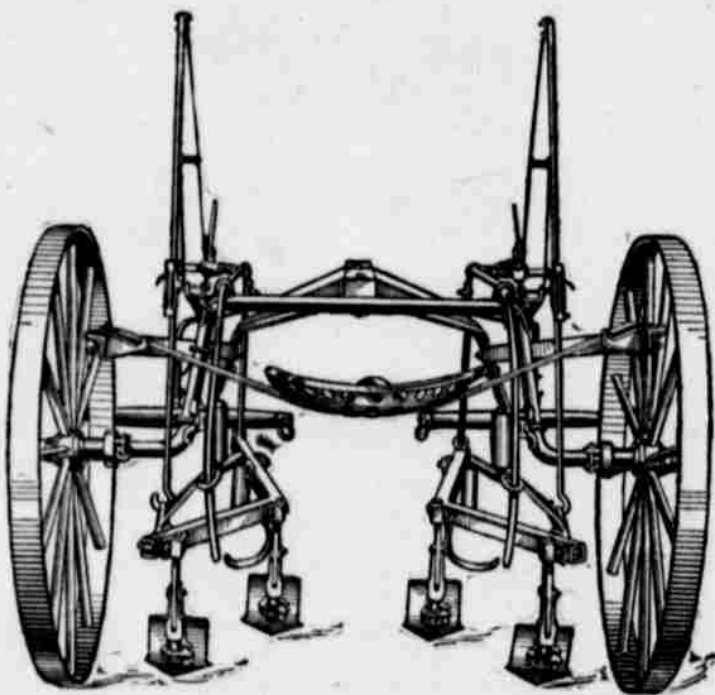
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## PRIMROSE AND PURPLE

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

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"I have an idea for making a little money, mother," said Polly Dayton, drawing her chair close to her mother's in the bright living room.

"And remain at home, dear?" queried Mrs. Dayton, anxiously. She had not yet adjusted herself to the modern scheme of society which permits its daughters and wives to go forth from home in order to be economically independent.

Polly nodded definitely. "Very much at home, mother mine. Let me tell you about it: First, you know there is a large and flourishing organization in the city which has for its colors primrose and purple; there is another equally flourishing organization of women which has for its color, yellow. Now, these clubs will, this year, have many and varied social and public functions, at all of which they will use their club colors in flowers, if possible. I know women in both sets through whom, I am confident, I can get contracts to supply all the purple and primrose and yellow flowers that are to be used. I think we can market all we can raise of the flowers that exactly carry out the color scheme of the clubs. Don't you see it, mother?"

"Oh, I do—I do see it, dear daughter. It is a wonderful conception, and I believe you and I together, with the help of good old Joe Fisher, whose very hands seem to caress the flowers he plants, can make it a success."

Polly made practical and definite plans for her business venture, and as spring approached she and her mother and the old day gardener who had worked with them for years, cultivated every available spot in the grounds. They made room among the rocks for rich earth and took out stones here and there along the top to permit of growing the flowers. Thus it was not long before flowers were coming up everywhere, and every bloom was to be primrose, purple or yellow.

The organizations which Polly approached with her plans were more than glad to know of a place where they could obtain their own sorts of flowers and have them shipped in good shape.

By summer the wall of primroses about the Dayton home was exquisite to behold, and Polly and her mother rejoiced in the fact that neighbors brought their friends to see it. They watched automobilists stop to admire it, and felt proud of their work.

One day when Polly, in her great rose-covered hat and simple summer frock, was standing outside of the wall cutting blooms, an automobile stopped before the wall.

Polly did not look up, but she could hear that there was conversation between a man and a woman about the flowers.

Finally a young man approached her. "I beg your pardon," he said, his motor cap in his hand. "Mother cannot longer resist the temptation to ask you if you will let her have a few of your beautiful primroses."

"Why—of course," Polly said, quickly. She looked out toward the auto and smiled at the woman who sat therein.

"Mother was prevented this year from going to her home in the South of England on account of the war. Always homesick for her own land—the very country, by the way, where 'The Rosary' was written—the constant sight of your primrose wall as we pass each day has made her more so. She thinks if she might have a few of the flowers it would—well, it would help some," laughed the young man, somewhat embarrassed by the fact that he was asking a favor from a strange—and very lovely—young woman.

"Do let me speak to your mother," said Polly, quickly, running over to the car, scissors in hand.

She stood for a long time talking to Mrs. Noble and her son George. And when the elderly woman left, her hands were full of Polly's primroses and she had promised to return whenever her bowl at home was empty.

Twice a week Mrs. Noble came to Polly Dayton's garden for primroses. Polly would not take money, for she deemed it a pleasure to give them to anyone who loved the flowers so dearly. "And it was from your own Devonshire country that I got my inspiration to begin this venture," Polly told her one day when the four—Mrs. Noble, her son, Polly and her mother—sat at a rustic table under a wisteria arbor in the Dayton garden sipping cool glasses of tea.

"What a success it is! I can hardly believe it and—add to that," Polly looked affectionately at her mother as she continued, "my dear little mother, here, has grown pink-cheeked and strong working out of doors and handling the beautiful blossoms for market. Also," here she laughed merrily, "she has learned that a girl can earn money and still be a normal, womanly person! Eh, mother?" she asked.

Through these little meetings George Noble learned to know and to love Polly Dayton, and a romance as sweet as any of the flowers that bloomed in the garden in which it was set grew out of their love.

More than two years afterward when a little daughter strayed into the path of Polly and George Noble they called her Primrose.

## "IT WAS MY FAULT"

By ANNE PAGE.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Suddenly they had separated; he to go to town to live, she to her daughter's house. For the pair had a married daughter—their only child—and an infant grandson.

Nobody seemed to have an idea of what the trouble was; everyone in the community wanted to know, for Mr. and Mrs. Sefton had been popular in the little social circle for years.

The beautiful home of the Seftons was for rent, and summer vacationists were looking at it every day with a prospect of renting it.

Mrs. Sefton spent every moment of her grandson's waking hours with him. She took him out into the parks; she sewed for him and romped and played with him as if she had been 26 years younger.

Mother and daughter had never discussed the separation since the first day that Mrs. Sefton came there; and then the explanation had been brief. Leila knew nothing. But she was a loyal, loving daughter, and she knew that whatever had been the trouble her mother could have done no great wrong.

"You are utterly spoiling Peter and me," Leila said to her mother one day when she had returned from an afternoon spent under the trees with Peter.

"I—I must spoil someone, dear," the mother answered. "A woman can't spoil and pet a human being for 30 years and then find herself empty-handed of anything to indulge. You're young, and may not understand how long 30 years is, daughter."

"Perhaps, not, mother," said Leila. "And don't think I'm seriously objecting to the spoiling. I love it. It's wonderful to have you with us—even Ned says so, and that's a concession from a son-in-law, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," Mrs. Sefton said, absently. Her mind was far away, back to the days when her own little daughter was in arms as was Peter now.

Leila had sensed her mother's loneliness for some weeks, though this was the first time she had ever given utterance to a word that would lead anyone to think that she missed her partner.

That night Leila and Ned talked until far into the night. They were planning a ruse by which they could get their baby's grandparents together.

"For, once together again, I'm sure they could not bear to separate," Leila had said. "Mother may have a little too much Bruce stubbornness in her, but father—like all his family—is downright obstinate. I honestly think they quarreled over some trivial matter, and having nothing else to think about and very little to do, the quarrel became serious and neither one would give in."

"It can't be anything else, dear. It will come out all right—I feel it," comforted Ned.

Leila was in touch with her father, and on the following day she spoke with him on the telephone. "Hello, daddy," she said. "Mother's out tonight and we—Ned and I—thought perhaps you'd like to come and see us and Peter."

She waited for a few minutes for the answer, but when it came it was satisfactory, for she promptly telephoned to her husband that she would join him for dinner, and that they would spend the evening at the theater or on a roof garden.

John Sefton rang the door bell of his daughter's apartment with a feeble touch than had ever been his before. He did not admit it to himself, but he was declining in strength very fast.

He left his hat and old walking stick and gloves in the hall and he stopped to listen to the baby's cooing and laughing before he pushed inside the portieres and stepped into the cozy living room.

"Mary!" he gasped, looking at his wife, who was as surprised as himself.

"John Henry Sefton! You!" she said, holding the baby close.

"Mary—Mary," began the elderly man, loudly, "I didn't know how much I wanted to see you till I laid my eyes on you this minute. This is some of Leila's doings," he added.

"It must be," Mrs. Sefton said, blinking away the tears of joy that would spring to her eyes at sight of her husband.

There was silence for a full minute while John Sefton stepped closer and closer to his grandson and his wife. They both looked into the round, laughing face of the infant and then into each other's eyes. "It was my fault," they said in unison.

She looked at her husband with the old-time smile.

"And you remember when we said, when we celebrated our silver wedding, that our love had been full blown for so long that we could remember nothing else but that perfectly developed understanding?" asked John softly.

"Oh, don't—I do know it. Kiss Peter and—"

Her words were never made articulate, for Peter began to demand attention and the fond and doting grandparents tried all their wiles to quiet him. At last he screamed himself to sleep, and the reunited pair found as much to say to each other as if their love were just in the budding instead of full blown.

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Lancaster Chautauqua June 24th-29th

# PUBLIC SALE

As executors of the estate of J. J. Thompson, deceased, we will sell publicly at his late residence on Crab Orchard and Lancaster turnpike, 1 mile north of Preachersville, beginning promptly at 10 a. m.

## Thursday, June 10th

the following personalities:

Thirty Two fat hogs, weight about 225 lbs; 1 bay mare; 3 black cows and calves; 2 two-year old steers; 1 yearling bull, extra good; 1 yearling steer; 1 yearling heifer; 200 barrels old corn; 2 wheat drills; 1 cutting harrow; 1 hay rake; 1 mowing machine; 1 cultivator; 1 cider mill; 1 buggy; 1 wagon; 1 pair stock scales; 1 corn planter; Set Roofing Tools; 1 lot of lumber and many other farming implements too numerous to mention.

TERMS:—All sums under \$10.00 cash in hand, over that amount to be sold on a credit of six months with negotiable note bearing 6 per cent interest from date of sale.

Jas. H. and J. Frank Thompson, Executors  
under the will of J. J. Thompson.

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